

Posted by u/FoxKorp Human 1 hour ago

## Human Imagination is Precious

OC OC

A lone radio dish peers into the cosmos, constantly screaming out, asking, begging to be found. For a century it has screamed into the void at countless possibly habitable worlds, yet no one has yelled back. The humans who operate the machine, sit in solace and isolation, they worry about things no other species could dream of, think of new solutions to questions only they could ask. While they learn nothing of our existence, we are simply too nervous about changing them.

For all those years we have listened, seen, and found. What we see on that little blue marble, is the most ingenious people of all space. They haven't throughout their history, stopped asking questions of themselves. With ravenous hunger they tear apart the things around them, not to destroy, but to learn; Through this destruction, they find the base materials and reshape their atoms into something entirely new.

The desire to create, learn, and prosper is not seen so cleverly anywhere else in the universe. These things are not our highest guarded resources, nay it's the human imagination that has led our empire to success.

Through their stories, they have made versions of every single being in the galaxy. Orcs, elves, machine intelligence, hive minds, galaxy scale alien threats, deadly parasites, bacteria, and viruses. Through studying their all-encompassing culture, we have made defenses to every single threat imaginable only by them.

When the great scourge arose, it was discovered it was already present in a human video game, we then found out what weapons were effective against it and prevailed. When one young species accidentally made a superintelligent AI, the humans once again had a story with a viable solution. We used grey goo to destroy all systems containing this AI and all it could spread to, then deactivated the machines. Without humans, our best scientists predicted we would've been exterminated by AI within 50 years of its creation.

This is why we can't reveal ourselves to humans. We are bland, boring creatures; especially compared to the ones in their stories. We have no magic, wormholes, or hulking megastructures. Our technology hasn't made us some great power, we can't escape entropy, we can't launch some Hollywood invasion of any planet. But we are eternally grateful to the humans, for if they were not in existence, we most certainly wouldn't be either.

Around their star cluster, we have enforced a total quarantine. Their minds must not be inhibited by our stale existence. In exchange for this, we protect them from the horrors they believe to be nothing more than the dreams of authors. One day when they take to the stars, we will greet them with all we know. However, I'm certain that once such a day comes, we will have much more to learn from them than they do from us.

